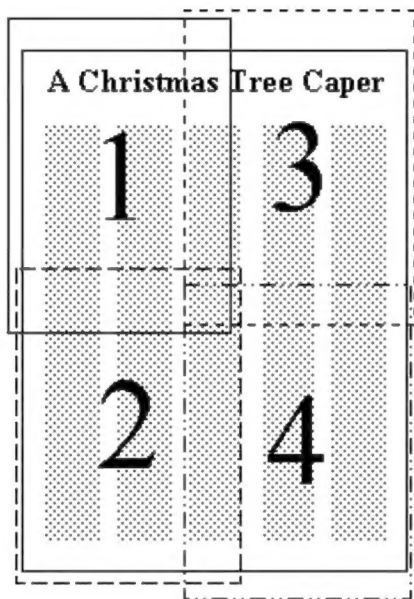


NOTE: This newspaper appearance was divided and enlarged to fill 8 ½" x 11" pages, roughly in the manner shown below.



TERRY



WE KNOW THIS DOWNWARD EJECTION SEAT CAN GET A BOMBARDIER SAFELY OUT OF A DISABLED JET BOMBER AT ALTITUDES UP TO FORTY-FIVE THOUSAND.

THE MEDICS HAVE ADDED UP OUR EXPERIENCE SO FAR. NOW THEY'RE PRETTY SURE A MAN COULD SURVIVE AN EVEN GREATER FALL.

YES, SIR — A THIS REQUE FOR VOLUNTEER DOES IT H, A CODE NA

GEORGE JORDAN



MOCK CHICKEN

By JACK RITCHIE

(Copyright 1955 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.)

I HAD to knock on the door of the white farmhouse only once and then a girl in her early 20s answered. She had light brown hair and gray eyes that had a hint of laughter in them.

"Hello," I said. "I've been wondering if I might use your phone. My car is stuck in the mud about half a mile down the road and I'm afraid nothing but a tow-truck will be able to get it out. I've been trying for over an hour, but it's no use."

"I know," she said. "We've been watching. Won't you come in and sit down?"

I walked into the warm living room. "Perhaps I'd better introduce myself," I said.

"That won't be necessary," she said, smiling. "You're Jim Henderson, the new game warden. My name is Eileen Waite."

I heard faint gunshots in the distance. "Where did those come from?" I asked, listening for more.

"I'm afraid I couldn't tell you," Eileen said. "Sounds are so deceptive. And besides it would be a three-mile walk over very muddy fields to get there."

The phone on an end table rang and she went to answer it. "Yes, Millie," she said. "He's still stuck." She listened for a while and then said. "Yes. In our house."

YOUNGER THAN EXPECTED

A middle-aged woman with a pleasant face came from the kit-

"He isn't home right now," she said, smiling.

I studied her. "Probably he left about an hour ago?"

"Now that's entirely possible," she said.

The phone rang again and she answered it. "Yes," she said. "Still here." And then after a moment, "Around 5 o'clock. Just before it gets dark."

"Will you be staying for supper?" Mrs. Waite asked.

"No," I said. "I have a suspicion I'll be leaving at 5."

"That's really too bad," Mrs. Waite said. "I have two beautiful pheas—"

"Chickens," Eileen said hastily.

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Waite said, laughing slightly. "Two beautiful chickens in the oven."

Four phone calls later I happened to be nearest the end table when the instrument rang again. I lifted the receiver. "Yes," I said, without waiting. "I'm still stuck."

I hung up and scowled at Eileen. There were more shots in the distance.

"It isn't often that a game warden is immobilized and more or less pinpointed like this, is it?" I asked.

"We're having beautiful weather for this time of the year, don't you think so?" Eileen asked innocently.

comfortable. "Ed's bulldozer won't start. He thinks it'll take an hour or two to fix it."

"In that case," I said. "I believe I will accept your kind invitation to supper, Mrs. Waite. There's nothing more succulent and mouth-watering than feathery chicken."

Mr. Waite swallowed and looked at Mrs. Waite.

There was a heavy silence and then Eileen got up and went to the kitchen. After a moment she returned and closed the door behind her.

"Well, what do you know," she said. "The chicken is hopelessly burnt. I'm afraid there'll be no chicken tonight."

"But, dear," Mrs. Waite said, starting to get up. "How could that possibly happen? I had the flame real—" She looked at me and sank back into her chair. "Oh, dear," she said. "Hopelessly burnt. I can smell it from here."

Freddie looked unhappy. "I'm practically starved."

"I'm sorry, dear," Mrs. Waite said. "But right now I'm out of everything except bacon. Do you care for bacon, Mr. Henderson?"

"I love bacon," I said.

TWINKLE IN HER EYES

Eileen's eyes had a twinkle in them as she watched me during the long minute of silence.

Then I grinned and got to my feet. "I love bacon," I said. "But right now I think I'll take a walk back to my car and see if it's still there. I'll be back in exactly one hour."

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YOUNGER THAN EXPECTED

A middle-aged woman with a pleasant face came from the kitchen. "Why hello, Mr. Henderson," she said. "You're much younger than we expected. Isn't it just too bad about your car?"

"Yes," I said. "It's the talk of the countryside."

"I'm Mrs. Waite," she said. "My husband and our boy, Freddie, are out right now. They've been gone about an hour."

"I know," I said. "I noticed a car leave your driveway about 10 minutes after I got stuck. I had the vague hope that it was coming to help me, but it turned the other way."

Eileen put down the phone. "Have you been having much luck?" she asked me, mischief lurking in her smile.

"Some," I said. "Only yesterday I arrested two men for shooting pheasants out of season." I met her eyes. "But they were strangers to this part of the country, so I guess that hardly counts, does it?"

"The nearest garage is five miles away," Eileen said.

"But I think your best bet is Ed Hawkins. He has a bulldozer."

"Fine," I said. "Could you give me his number?"

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At a quarter to 5, Mr. Waite and Freddie returned.

There was the distinct odor of gunpowder about them, but they were unarmed. They also seemed quite happy.

Mr. Waite took off his coat. "Out here we put chains on our cars to get through the mud," he said. "I hear you got stuck down the road a piece."

"I believe you're right," I said.

"The last warden got stuck in the morning," Freddie said. "That gave us the whole day."

"Freddie," Mr. Waite said. "Why don't you go and wash up for supper. What are we having, Martha?"

Mrs. Waite cleared her throat. "Chicken," she said. "You know the kind I mean, Frank. Those real feathery chickens."

"Oh?" Mr. Waite said, raising an eyebrow.

"Mr. Henderson isn't staying for supper," Eileen said.

"Ah!" Mr. Waite said, lowering the eyebrow.

The phone rang and Mr. Waite answered it. He listened for a while and then put down the phone. He looked slightly uncom-

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Both Freddie and Mr. Waite looked happier.

"Couldn't you make that an hour and a half?" Mrs. Waite asked plaintively. "I have to clean up after—" She stopped at her husband's warning glance.

"An hour and a half," I said. "You have the word of a gentleman, an all-around good fellow, and a game warden."

When I got back to my car, I sat behind the steering wheel and settled down to watch the sunset.

After about 20 minutes, I heard someone coming through the mud behind me. It was Eileen carrying a paper bag and a vacuum bottle.

She slipped into the front seat beside me. "I brought some hot coffee and chicken sandwiches. A small portion of the chicken wasn't hopelessly burnt."

I examined a sandwich before I bit into it. "I've got a good notion to take one of these down to the boys at the lab for analysis."

"I doubt if there'll be any left," Eileen said, selecting one for herself. "I haven't eaten yet either and I'm hungry."

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BRENDA STARR

BEN GOES TO THE NEAREST PHONE...

YES—BRENDA'S HOME, AND SHE DOES HAVE A VISITOR!

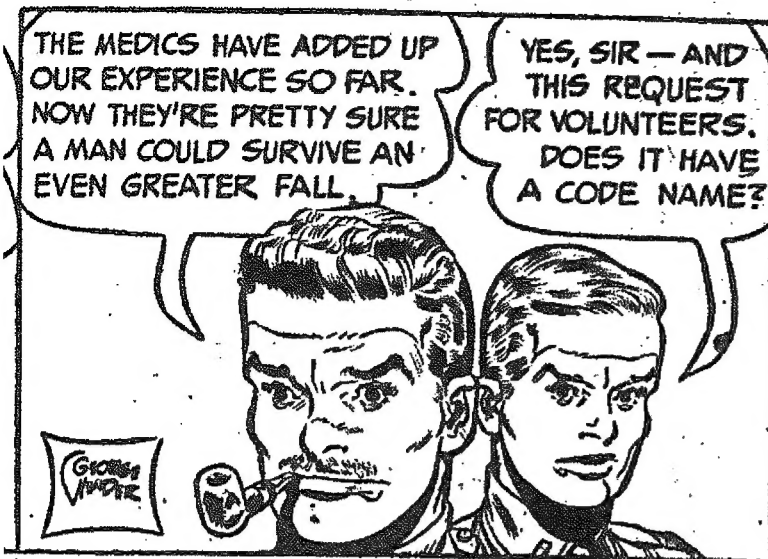
IT'S BESS, ISN'T IT?

Walt Messink
9-3

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
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The Chicago Tribune

AND SHE'S BEEN TELLING YOU ALL ABOUT US, HASN'T SHE? ABRETHA, DO YOU THINK IT'S GOING TO MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE TO BRENDA IN THE WAY SHE FEELS ABOUT ME?

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a non-official sense," I said, "I'm rather glad I got stuck here."

"Now what could you possibly mean by that?" she said. Then she looked away and sipped her coffee. "You have to understand our point of view," she said. "After all, those feathery chickens do live on our lands and eat our grain. And besides, during the regular hunting season many of us can't get away from our farm work."

I smiled when our eyes met again, and she looked away quickly. "Of course," she said. "We also realize that the job of game warden is a very necessary one. To control the hunters from the city, and professional hunters, and things like that here."

"Of course," I said.

We were quiet for a while and then she said, "Those lights coming toward us are from Ed Hawkins' bulldozer."

"I guess he'll have you out of here in no time and you'll be on your way, never to return."

"I guess so."

We watched the lights.

"On the other hand," I said. "I have a sneaking suspicion that this is poacher territory. Perhaps I should investigate."

"A man has his duty," she said, not looking at me.

"If, during the course of my investigation, I should happen to get stuck in that muddy driveway of your farm tomorrow evening what would you be having for supper?"

She thought about it and smiled. "I believe we'll be having baked ham."

They did and it was delicious. And after about a year Mr. Waite gave up poaching. He didn't think it was quite right when he had a son-in-law who

Child at Play In Danger of Eye Injuries

By GLADYS BEVANS

Children in the United States suffer thousands of eye injuries a year, most of them in play.

A statement from the Society for the Prevention of Blindness confirms several warnings which I have given in regard to protecting children's eyes in play. At one time and another, when I've had (or had in my care) children at the very active ages, say 5 to 10, I've known a few parents who thought I was overdoing it when I gave the very warnings that the society gives. So I am glad to be able to quote them in regard to play with pointed sticks and the use of bows and arrows and beebee guns.

Children have a way of poking at each other (often at each other's faces) with pointed sticks. You simply have to stop it. Also no boy or girl should be allowed to use bows and arrows without adult supervision. Ours for our 10-year-old is handsome, but is really a weapon. Large or small, they can do real harm to another child. Beebee guns I'd like to see outlawed, but certainly they should not be used anyhow and anywhere.

Sand and Water

Another thing children have a penchant for is sand-throwing at a beach or in a sand-box. (I can hear you groan; it can become such a problem.)

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THE END

\$5 for BRIGHT SAYINGS

THE NEWS will pay \$5 for each childish saying printed. Unaccepted manuscripts cannot be returned. Address "Bright Sayings," THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

Because I thought it would be a good idea for my small daughter to sleep outdoors under a wide spreading tree one very warm day, I suggested that she close her eyes and that the sandman would do his job. "Here?" she asked. Who could do anything with these naughty whispering branches overhead?" Queens M. W.

Visiting my brother in Brooklyn, my small son, having noted that my brother's new dog barked a little differently, said, "Oh, Uncle, I think your dog barks with a Brooklyn accent!" Manhattan W. Q.

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Another thing children have a penchant for is sand-throwing at a beach or in a sand-box. (I can hear you groan; it can become such a problem.)

Water, of course, is another big-summer hazard, as well as delight. You can't be too careful. That doesn't mean to scare your children. But they must be made to obey in the water. And when they're older and can swim like fish and disport themselves like porpoises, someone has to be aware of where they are and what they're doing.

Drowning is so easy and so unnoticeable that it's frightening. I once saw a boy drown. Last year at the little beach where I swim we rescued a 10-year-old who got in the current, and a 5-year-old whose family was sitting calmly talking on the beach. Every year we have one or two rescues of 8 to 10-year-olds.

You can make your older children intelligently careful. Your younger ones you have to watch and make obey you. And I mean "make."

We have a booklet on that last suggestion. It is called, "How to Gain Obedience Without Punishment." To obtain a copy, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Gladys Bevans, THE NEWS, 220 E. 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

